

8 Short Plays

(Play opens with Artistalapa miming writing in a spotlight)

Opening- Artistalapa

Artistalapa: *(Suddenly notices audience, gets up and speaks with prerecorded audio)* Oh hello! Oh no no no. That's OK I'm not needing privacy right now, oh no no no. I mean I realize there is immense privacy I know! No one must see. But you can hang out while I warm up!

(dances and hums)

Artistalapa: Welcome! Welcome, *audience!* I am Artistalapa.

Audience: And I am the voice that represents- you. You, audience.

Artistalapa: Of course she is the voice that represents you- in my imagination.

Audience: Yes, yes, in Artistalapa's... *imagination.*

Artistalapa: Yes, in my- *imagination.*

Audience: Starting now.

Artistalapa: Starting now. There's so much to DO. I want to do as much as possible!

Audience: It's good to get a moment together.

Artistalapa: Exactly! We've really gone out of our way for this!

Audience: Would you like to get more "intimate?"

Artistalapa: Probably so, probably so but I think no.

Audience: Why not? What's so scary about...

Artistalapa: Let's do something else. I love to draw sometimes, don't you?

(Artistalapa disappears behind the curtain. Lights up on 4 players on balcony, each writing in a notebook or on a typewriter to some music. Lights up on 4 other players who emerge writing on stage in front of curtain. They start to synchronize their movements for several measures, not noticeably dancing, but moving in sync, then in sync they all crumple their paper and throw it and with a prerecorded voice speak in unison:)

Opening- Strong Feelings

All: It's so hard to write sometimes! Forget it! I'm no good! This morning I was heavy with the smell of poised and readiness, my veins forming a glistening net, which hugged and cradled my pulsing, glistening innards. Innards! But nothing...nothing...nothing...nothing will pour from this...empty house. The clock echoing in the lonely hall. They are vacationing. My heart knocking yearningly on the empty bathroom door. The soft peach old towel and the latch-hook

rug...absorbing no frolicsome waters. Maybe I can wriggle my way out of this ensnaring self-doubt with some music!

1: It's so hard to write sometimes!

2: Forget it! I'm no good!

3: This morning I was heavy with the smell of poised and readiness, my veins forming a glistening net, which hugged and cradled my pulsing, glistening innards.

4: Innards!

5: But nothing...nothing...nothing...nothing will pour from this...empty house.

6: The clock echoing in the lonely hall. They are vacationing.

7: My heart knocking yearningly on the empty bathroom door. The soft peach old towel and the latch-hook rug...absorbing no frolicsome waters.

8: Maybe I can wriggle my way out of this ensnaring self-doubt with some music!

("It's Comin'!" music begins to play, actors toss off fluffy robes to expose costumes and begin song n' dance number)

It's Comin'!

liiiiiiiiit's comin'! An act is near!
I can taste the makeup powder,
I can hear the noise, it's getting louder and louder,
And louder and louder, and louder and louder, and louder and louder!
It's almost time!

The costumes are fit, the tension is high- (someone messes up a dance move) Oh shit!
It's act time, it's really act time, it's look at where you're at time!
It's comin'! It's almost here!
It's ladies, please take off your hat time!
It ain't no crime... (*yelled*) Unless you call sticking your head out from backstage a crime!

It was a tough road to make it here,
A lot of rehearsals, a lot of tears,
Some didn't make it, and some didn't try,
Some got swallowed by their own pride...

So we sing our opening song...
Welcome, welcome, you're invited,
Don't be up-set, just be our guest,
We're funnier than Cheech and Chong,
Welcome, welcome, we're not bitin'
If everything goes right we're gonna do our best!
Leave your evening to us, we're gonna beef it up!

The gang's all set, to dip you in delight,

So hang on tight, we'll take you to the height... you never went!
You won't regret it!

(2 characters come to the front as the curtains close. 2 hats appear on their heads from through the curtain. They appear to be old-timey MC-comedians.)

Play 1: Exuberantly Dressed Though (part 1)

(There is an easel and a sign with the name of the play appears)

C: No I don't have it,

L: but even a little bit what I said was true.

C: Entry fear of assigning

L: adore the feeling, my breasts unbelievable,

C: but I wish I could hide something on your album:

L: Dip us in that way!

C: Laughing as I get off the

L: bus because I universally desired!

C: Even though he said I mean I said

L: I believe in/for very warm things on patient days. I delivered a letter today

C: Sparkles from birthday lotion

L: Me and Steffie made a really nice promise on impatient am !! Tightly wrapped!

(Make gesture as if just announced the next act)

[Sound cue]

Play 2: People Dressed Sophisticated

(Wingle and Debonair man are dressed very sophisticatedly [and beautiful.] They are seated in a small boat which Wingle is rowing, with wavy waters surrounding them. Debonair man speaks in an English accent.)

Wingle: I just had a thought, almost like I'm acting for some audience, like my thoughts are performing, cuz why would I actually have a thought using this adolescent language? I'm a sophisticated adult!

Debonair man: Do go on.

Wingle: The thought was, “I *bought* a new notebook yesterday.” And then, with a whisper of indignation, “It was a big part of my day.”

Debonair man: OK. You’re going to have to set up the scene.

Wingle: Sure, sure. So I was frustrated with my morning. I hadn’t done any writing aside from job applications and artist statements in 2 weeks since... well you can probably figure out what kind of thing predicated that kind of work... and it wasn’t my FAULT, you can even ask the art director at my... former school. The school at which I was employed for 2 years preceding 2 weeks ago. You can ask her...

Debonair man: You were saying about your computer?

Wingle: Of course, see, I had kind of a nightmare about falling, not the good kind, last night, so I’m a little on the defensive this morning, but in any case I decided not to go to the flea market this morning to try to pawn off a few articles of clothing to make like \$8... I decided to stay home, and though I have plenty of job searching to do, I decided to do some writing.

Debonair man: The category of which you’ve not done in 2 weeks.

Wingle: Well more actually, because the week before that I was attending a retreat and getting my room ready for school to start...

Debonair man: OK so you haven’t sat to write in a while, you were, shall we say, overw(h)elmed?

Wingle: Yes we shall! And so I was feeling sleepy and weird, like I didn’t know if this was the best time to write and then I decided, I WILL!

Debonair man: Well here we are!

Wingle: Yeah, we are! And then I was trying to close things on my computer to have a clear place to write, and open a fresh page, and then I did the impatient thing where I clicked on “new document” too many times, and the computer got frozen.

Debonair man: Oo boy!

Wingle: You don’t have to oo boy me! It’s not a tragedy! I’m not overw(h)elmed beyond functionality!

Debonair man: Of course not. You are writing a perfectly good play and you will likely be employed soonish.

Wingle: Yeah. Perfectly good. Hm. Usually that means OK. Like why would you throw away this perfectly good peach? It’s OK, it’s not so bad.

Debonair man: I thought you were trying not to judge yourself as much.

Wingle: No, no, I’m not, I’m fascinated by words and meaning! Perfectly good... we don’t often use the word “perfect” except when things are exceptional. Except for that man with an English accent that used to ride the university shuttle that said “**Perfect, perfect,**” all the time. Like, “**How are you?**” “I’m good! **Perfect, perfect! Where are you from?**” “Allentown, a medium-sized town in Pennsylvania.” “**Perfect, perfect!**” He almost started saying it before

you were done answering.. “A little town in Pennsyl-“ **“Perfect, perfect!”** Not that he wasn’t listening, he knew I was going to say Pennsylvania- eager to give affirmation for knowing really basic things? **“Do you know what time it is?”** “Oh...3:45.”

Debonair man: Perfect! OK, so your perfectly good computer got frozen, and...

Wingle: And so with my unstoppable will, I decided to write in my notebook!

Debonair man: OK, so you indignantly said to yourself in an adolescent manner that procuring a notebook (at the drugstore for \$1.59 which felt a bit pricey) was a big part of your day...

Wingle: So my thoughts went something like this: Oh no! My computer is frozen and I feel like writing!

OK calm down, I’ll write in my notebook.

Your notebook is full! I guess you could write on loose papers...

I BOUGHT a new notebook. It was a big part of my day.

Debonair man: “I *bought* a new notebook.” (*mockingly dramatic*) “And then with a whisper of indignation ‘It was a big part of my day!’”

Wingle: At which point I guffawed at myself. Because I’m a little defensive and hyper conscious of my tendency to scrutinize myself right now, trying to detect any tendency which is not employable, not industrious, and I’m sort of logging how I spend my time... (*Wingle jots down something in their notebook*)

Debonair man: I think that’s part of the problem. Either log your time or don’t, just jotting down a few things you did each day may make the day feel LESS substantial. “I returned the sunflower seeds that tasted sort of rancid at the health food store in exchange for a large bunch of bananas and 3 apples, then proceeded to the drug store to purchase one new notebook and a BRITA filter.”

Wingle: Hey, buying a notebook is imbued with a hope and possibility for transcendence that logging my food purchases is not. Buying the yellow college-ruled notebook, like bananas, is something I have done consistently for at least 20 years. More consistently than bananas, because there are times when I don’t really buy bananas, but I cannot remember a period of time since I became a person who regularly purchased things that I did not always have a notebook with me in my bag. Ideas and lists and thoughts and even just little whatevers. But it was an important 20 minutes of my day yesterday, and it was in competition with other actions that might make me feel more competent: Competentation.

Debonair man: With word hybridization skills like that you really have nothing to worry about employment-wise!

Wingle: That is very humorous.

Debonair man: Why do you really think you were falling in your dream? From such a high height? And everyone watching, and you slipped?

Wingle: Well, I did just slip on my teaching career. Not like I was so high on being a teacher, but I did, I do? love it. Should I explore the pain of not getting to continue working with those teens more?

Debonair man: Not necessarily, but you suspect that was the slip in your dream?

Wingle: Yeah. Yeah, teaching has been a slippery slope for me, so much energy, so much growth, so much doubt, so much confusion. I truly don't know what I most want. And I don't know right now how to do it. And it is public. I'm not being secretive about this at all, everyone knows I was "let go," even though it was based on a conversation where I said I would prefer to work part time, but they thought I said I would not work full time, it might not have been a great idea, but I would've tried...

Debonair man: Inquiring minds want to know. This sunshiny warm person just got canned from their teaching job. They must not be that great.

Wingle: It's good to face my fears of being judged negatively, what people want to think...

Debonair man: People don't think that much about these things, and if they do it's their own issues...

Wingle: You mean people don't think about my failings? FALLINGS? Wait, I didn't fail, it was a misunderstanding!

Debonair man: But something felt wrong about working full time, didn't it, like you would force something, like it wouldn't happen intuitively...

Wingle: Absolutely!

Debonair man: It might've been not good.

Wingle: It might've been not good. But isn't it better to try, to devote yourself, to do things you care about? To stay with people you care about?

Debonair man: Maybe not.

Wingle: Maybe not. I'm not sure why things take me way longer than most people. Some things.

Debonair man: The way your mind works?

Wingle: Yeah. Can we be funny again?

Debonair man: *(Shakes head in disappointment, like you clearly don't know how this works).*
No, no, no.

Wingle: But you can encourage things to happen sometimes, you can make things funny. Like thinking of the last time you laughed, if you have an crazy memory like mine where you remember such things or jot them down. I'm not being self-effacing, I do have a crazy "good" memory about lots of things, like when doing yoga yesterday, I had a really vivid memory of this gas station I used to ride my bike to just to get some quick snacks. That was when I lived in Darling Hall in Milwaukee about 15 years ago!

It took me about 3 minutes to ride my bike there. It was big and new and fluorescently lit, almost like those newer rest stops you go to when driving to a different state, wide and airy with aisles and aisles of plastic-wrapped little snacks. It had a new place smell. There was an older, sort of flirtatious man that usually worked there that wasn't entirely creepy. They occasionally sold novelty items like fake roses made out of dyed feathers at the checkout

counter. I usually bought those rectangular cracker packets that had 6 peanut butter sandwich crackers, as well as a banana. (*Excited*) This place wasn't even in my conscious memory until I did that pose that day in yoga class and then there I was...why that place? There are so many places! Why that gas station? I should write down every place that pops into my head while doing yoga—(*starting to write in notebook*) It's like I'm really there for a moment...

Debonair man: Magical muscle memories, it's mysterious, don't try to lock my person up for this kind of a mind! These wild thoughts. This is not her confession! I AM A DEBONAIR MAN AND I FORBID IT!

Wingle: Thank you friend. I appreciate your dressing up for today. I would like to take this moment to also say that my former employers asked me—

Debonair man: Now you need to stop. You are entering rabbit hole territory—

Wingle: But when we say we go down a rabbit hole getting caught up in certain thoughts, are we also of course making a reference to Alice in Wonderland? Which is a really ridiculous parallel, because usually it's super negative— let's not go down THAT rabbit hole! I don't want to go down a rabbit hole rethinking about why I left my job— how can that be analogous with a young imaginative girl following a hilarious blustery speaking animal down a hole to the most fantastic adventures anyone could ever hope to have-

Debonair man: Even though at one point the queen was ordering for your head to be “offed?” “Off with her head, off with her head!” yelled the queen.

Wingle: So violent... is that where we wake up?

Debonair man: Indeed it is, welcome back to your Saturday... (*leaves stage, reappears on phone on balcony with mother*)

Wingle: Where I did not go to a flea market, but I did laugh while looking out of the window thinking of how gleeful my mother was when she called me at 8AM and I was not very happy and she said:

Debonair man and mother: “Of course you're not very happy right now... but let me tell you something to make you happy, I found some beautiful yarn to make you a sweater, the colorful kind you said you like, *beautiful* yarn, you'll love it!”

Wingle: SO frickin sweet!

Debonair man and mom: “So, see now you have something to look forward to! (*Busting out laughing*) At least you have ONE thing to look forward to!” (*mom exits*)

Wingle: (*to audience*) I KNOW! (*to debonair man on phone*) Really?! But maybe my studio audience doesn't know how little my mom thinks of my life as an artist. If I wasn't so focused on art I could be so frickin competentitive!

Debonair man: So why did you encourage her to call you EVERY DAY in this time? She said she was worried about you all the time and you brilliantly encouraged her to call you EVERY DAY! And when she does and bursts out laughing at your dismal life (from her perspective) (and you're a little out of sorts and less full of delight than usual because you just woke up from a somewhat fascinating but unsettling dream of falling from a high height in some sort of recreation center) even as she tells you that she will make you probably one of the most

beautiful articles of clothing that you didn't find at a thrift shop that you'll ever own.. you're surprised?

Wingle: Well it was pretty funny. And I do love her a lot. And I am serious, as serious as she is! Just in a different way, also with my own brand of humor.

(Music comes up as all actors come out partner dancing and singing, curtain closes as scene ends)

Play 3: To the 2 Sisters my Mom and Dad Gave Me (and me to them)

(In home setting on balcony)

1 "Traveling in a bus with full of different people and suddenly in a middle of nowhere this mother natural shower blessing."

2 "That's how it came out, so that's the way it must be," said the man on the bus! Isn't that wonderful?

3 Before we got on the bus I said that the Chinatown bus reminded me of another place, I think Greece or Turkey, where dozens of bus companies compete to have you ride their line. They give you little cookies and lemony towels for your hands.

I said it didn't take much to please me, a little towel. Not these bus-movies.

4 And he said something like "you've got to get your lemon in your movie." Which I thought was so witty!

1 But he totally didn't say that.

2 I love symbols that hit your head.

3 You mean hit you over the head.

4 Absolutely!

1 Let's avoid that aspect of conversation.

2 Then why bother to try to access the other aspect of conversation?

3 Burn your embers!

4 That song always really creeped me out and gave me a chilling sense of despondency.

1 My sister was a strangely sad and romantic kid. I remember her going into a corner of our basement to sing a song she was making up: "The Lake of Love," which I wasn't allowed to hear. As a high school senior she was so sad when she wasn't starring in all the plays. She sang this song to me, confiding to me how real it felt to her... I can't remember it, just the beginning and the end sort of:

2 *(Sung)* By the waters of the lonely stands an eagle frightening those away, those poor travelers traveling slowly, la la la
Why should I live now, I'm merely struggling to keep the embers safe from the glow.

3 I am thinking that maybe my sister, because she was really sensitive, most picked up on my mother's incredible sadness after leaving Greece and living in this country where she was widowed very young and was deeply lonely in many ways.

(At this point the 4 players from above come down to do experimental sound and movement, following each other, facing audience, then cell phones ring and they each pick them up, scattering throughout the audience for the remainder of the play)

4 For goodness sakes, I was just thinking of the singing and everything started flying. People don't believe me, but this sort of thing happens to me. Down on the floor flew this notebook, my empty coffee- PIGEON through open cafe door

1 The owner of the cafe (in New York City where I lived for a month) said this never happened.

2 It must be a sign.

3 A little boy just pushed his little toy baby carriage right into the coffee shop. I'm just thankful for these things. His father pushing a large baby carriage didn't see this as the right thing to do, but his father didn't realize that his son was preceded by a flapping pigeon 15 minutes ago.

4 Bert told the children to love the pigeons.

1 I precede you. I precede you. I precede you. I precede you.

2 Now I wrote this down, and I want to know if I made it up, or if it's in a movie someone told me about: all these people were pooping on the stage- like choreographed pooping, like they were dancing- and then they all sang out in a haunting melody....

3 So at the bar, as we drank both red and white wine in proper shaped varied glasses

4 "I was embarrassed" my 7 year old niece said when getting up from a short nap

1 So in between bites of bizarrely thick and distractingly stale Pennsylvania bar pretzels and sips of wine, she said I absolutely hit it.

2 I think it's because what you said in the car...

3 I'm trying not to be insulted by that. I'm letting you know that for the next several seconds I'm in the process of trying not to be insulted by that.

4 Not only was he waving around a chicken leg as he spoke, but a leg he had dipped in a ranch sauce, making it such a fantastic scepter.

1 It depends on how hard you were trying the day before!

2 I can't believe my harmless sweet symbol came to symbolize self OBSESSION to you!

(All players hang up cell phones)

3 She gave me a little prize standing naked telling me I was really smart the night before.

4 I just fell in love with everyone in this room.

1 There were a few years there where that did not matter.

7 Beans

I woke up with 7 beans stuck to my leg.
I woke up with 7 bags of beans waiting to be sorted.
Sordid, sort of sordid.
Well I'll pick them off.
They were uncooked anyway.
They'd been left there, on my floor...
Somewhere along the way,
Woah-oh-oh-oh, hey hey
Woah-oh-oh-oh, hey hey, hey hey.

I whined... I whined for a good whole long day.
I whined for more pay.
Give me more, more pay,
Give me more for what I put forth
Today.

7 bags of uncertainty, still lookin' to clean these beans.
7 bags all mixed up with shards of glass, glass, glass,
Gotta get it out
Before you make a very nice stew
A very nice and nurturing sou-oooo-ooooo-ooooop.

Well I'll clean some beans now but I've got other things to do.
I'll put the rest in my special box some people call igloo.
And I'll look at them later and maybe some have gone- gone.
And maybe I'll make-
(At this point 2 players emerge on the balcony with 2 large colorful bean windows hanging down)

Bean windows, bean windows
That work so good
That I can look through them to them,
Peak through them and see them
Look through them
Look through them
And see them.

(Curtain closes)

Prelude to Eric Was Making Those Faces

Froth: Knock knock.

Eric: Who's there?

Froth Pumpkin.

Eric: Pumpkin who?

Froth: Pumpkin ate my grandpa.

Eric: *(Shakes head with mock look of disappointment and disgust)*

Froth: Well at least I don't.... have a really poopy attitude!

Eric: *(Makes gesture of hand getting caught in window)* You got your hands caught in the window of opportunity to make a joke again! Ouch!

Froth: Whenever that window opens it's like a vacuum with you, your infinite wit just surges through...

Eric: I humbly accept your words. *(Pretends to have a modest face but shakes hands over his head in mock victory)*

Froth: *(laughing)* You are so rosy and bright.

Eric: IS THIS BETTER? *(Clawing face)* I just scar my face.

Froth: OK you look like a horrible ogre. *(Opens bottle of ketchup and hands to him so he can pour it on himself to create a fake blood effect.)*

Eric: *(Pretends to hit self over head with ketchup bottle)*

Froth: Oh, you can't...

Eric: *(Mimicking F's voice)* You can't even do that right.

(Street cracks up as Froth again raises both of his hands over his head triumphantly)

(Big canes drag Froth and Street from the stage even as they are gesturing toward the opening curtain as though they had just announced a performance!)

Young Artistalapa in New Orleans

Narrator (Debonair man) : Young Artistalapa moved to New Orleans after her sophomore year at Brown University, met a group of artists that ignited her spirit deeply, dropped out of school

and started writing plays and songs. Her mom, who had the honor of working side by side with the Princess of Spain in an orphanage in Athens, Greece when they were young women, learned that the princess, now the queen, had a son, the prince of Spain, who would be attending Brown University at the same time as her daughter, and what mother doesn't hope her daughter marries a prince? She was very disappointed in the direction things were heading...

Young Artista: Mom! I want you to meet the most amazing group of artists in New Orleans! *(A group of artists in long sparkly dresses/ sexy outfits/ bikini tops/ tattoos are eating melons at a table.*

They slowly put masks on their faces and become demons.)

***Talents and Surprises**
(In front of curtain)

Play 4: I Will Dance for You (The First Play in Love Trilogy)

Scene 1

A There were so many breaths we took deep in each others' faces, doesn't that have its own truth?

T It's the words that preceded those breaths, and post-ceded.

A You can't say post-ceded and not think of Joni Mitchell's lyrics, *(sung)* sometimes in the evening he would read to her, take her in his arms and give his seed to her..."

T Oo Joni, there's something so nasty, in a good way, those sex lyrics she sings.

A I'm too sexy for this shirt, so sexy it hurts- I may need to do a performance surrounding this song, a choreographed piece, the idea of overly self-conscious actually being sexy somehow...

T I have a ring around my neck.. it is a commitment ring my boyfriend gave me last night for the time being... he said, this is for our time together, until we don't want to be committed anymore, if we don't...

A "That's so romantic!" you joked, but it was. The first time we slept together I said, you look pretty with no clothes on, I wasn't sure... because you wear such weird stuff...

T OK, you didn't say that exactly, but that was the gist.

A You love me so you love me so, my striving to be with you, to be so serious about what we are, waking up and that hour of dawn, talking, thinking...

T Welcome welcome familiar stranger, who joined me for a moment here at my table, it's full now it's that hour, the hour when people have emerged in a critical mass upon the land... he and his friend tune organs in churches...

A The weirdest thing is this is not the first “tuner” you have met, yet you can’t remember who else you know that tunes pianos for a living... it’s a real skill out there, number 783 on the list of “occupations”...

T It was just a conversation, surrounded by lots of life living, that led to the first decision, and it was this morning’s convo surrounded by 2 years of a relationship, that is causing me to modify it.

T and A (*sing*) “Everyone will help you, discover what you set out to find, come on, give it to me, I’ll keep it with mine!” Nico and Joni, we will dance for you now... for everyone (who is interested)

(Do Flower Petal Love Dance, short and compact)

Scene 2

A You haven’t seen me for 2 days and it is extra-sensory to see me again, joyful body against body... smelling my face, smelling my mouth...

T “Stop smelling my mustache!” You know it’s weird to say because a beard and mustache together is such a different thing than just a mustache, unless I guess it is an ironic mustache, but I’m not sure if that’s fair...

A “Stop smelling my mustache, I’ve had to kiss my boss’s ass today, you may not like what you find!”

T “Well, ya gotta do whatcha gotta do!” I said, continuing to smell your face and mouth. We have a bizarrely almost sitcom-y sense of humor sometimes...

A You were full of beans, standing on my feet, kissing me and being kissed, hugging me and jumping about like the wild pup you sometimes are.

Scene 3

T Your arm falls with a thud around my waist as you shift in your sleep, and with the thud comes into my mind the word “How” which begins the phrase “How I love him” so it’s like “thud I love him.”

A Somehow writing about your insecure feelings... was more allowable, because writing about your bursting with love feelings felt somehow possessive, this is my joy so keep out.

T But you DON’T say everything that’s on your mind, that’s not the goal. There are so many better things to say...

A That I know we succeeded, at every turn, that love was winning

T Good morning words! How are you serving everyone?

A Good morning. Maybe these crevices become the fabric itself.

Play 5: Private Play

Blint: I think the big surprise is that I am a sexual being and it irritates me endlessly but headphones have made all the difference in the world.

Fathom: My neighborhood is the best in the world, a REAL cowboy on a dirt bike. A strong butt (my butt I mean).

Blint: Just a simple loving relationship: I present my actions to you, and you present yours. “(That bolt on the door you left your spurs on) I wish I never seen your face or heard your voice.”

Fathom: This is the prettiest song I’ve ever heard. And it’s to me! I do have pretty dresses and raggedy underwear, so it is all to me.

Blint: Do you know about this?

Fathom: Um...no.

Blint: I’m in love w/ my therapist, so I guess...

Fathom: You are sexually attracted to her?

Blint: Well, no, I mean, I don’t KNOW, but I would gladly cook for her—

Fathom: But you can’t cook!

Blint: But my mom always said she couldn’t either until she married my father.

Fathom: Your mom regrets that she gave you such a good example of a wildly independent woman.

Blint: It wasn’t her fault. She was the director of the orphanage.

Fathom: In Athens, Greece.

Blint: because she was waiting for Mr. Right

Fathom: and thought that you going to Brown was partly a great idea because

Blint: the Prince of Spain would be there and one time she had worked side by side with the princess of Spain.

Fathom: She has the picture.

Blint: They both look like movie stars in the picture.

Fathom: Your mom and the princess of Spain.

Blint: And what does the real cowboy eating tortillas think of you, 3 notebooks at even angles, walkman at a right angle, intermittently laughing and crying scribbling.

Fathom: She was so hurt.

Blint: With him facing you several feet away.

Fathom: I think exactly seven feet.

Blint: Very close to seven feet.

Fathom: On your way to Lopez Bakery you had been contemplating what kind of coffee you would get, decaf or caf.

Blint: Knowing I should get decaf because last time I drank caf, ate a huge Mexican breakfast, I still felt hungry afterwards and wasn't satisfied until I had eaten broccoli and pasta several hours later.

Fathom: Several?

Blint: About three.

Fathom: Are you...?

Blint: Yes, and a goody goody and a health nut and I am terrified of drugs.

Fathom: There are drugs for that as well.

Blint: Anyway coffee is a drug and you did end up getting CAF because they did not have decaf.

Fathom: But I was GLAD! It just seems so tacky to get chemically altered coffee because my nervous system is hyper sensitive.

Blint: Primarily because you are a sexual being?

Fathom: Both extremely sexual and very... shall we say...repressed?

Blint: Mmm... repression is sort of sexy. So it's like I'm really into S +M, climbing into my bed alone.

Fathom: It is not so sexy to be so obviously eave-dripping, the word for consciously being overheard.

Blint: Shameless! Just like the girls who expose too much cleavage, how other girls feel annoyed, like to try to be that sexy.

Fathom: Yeah just try to be this dorky!

Blint: Modest!

Fathom: Modest, I CHINCHILLA hot hot music in my ears hot stripes on my thighs cream spout on table yes I'm grinning at you beautiful man ya ya ya sleigh bells?? In a non Christmas rock song feel brilliant or more like crickets at night.

Blint: Breakfast, she and I with food, she voracious, delicate fingers, cockily deriving pleasure from licking salt off of chips. Rarely a glimmer of impatience with my slow shy bites.

Fathom: I was in a room watching porn with 30 students!!!! And felt like a thirteen year old straining to watch the blurry playboy channel, pure fuzz on the TV but you can hear.

Blint: Yes that poster irritates me, her finger in her mouth, wet lips, I could face the other way but the entire pastry case is so irritating.

Fathom: You see it when making out.

Blint: Or material, patterned old material, like my first thrift store dress I fell in love with.

Fathom: White with aqua flowers, so loose.

Blint: He said it was the seat of your beauty, of “a woman’s” beauty, that lower abdominal area.

Cuddle call cuddle call

I’ll be a-callin’

And you’ll be a-cutie.

A song me + JJ were writing together which is kissing itself.

Fathom: Kiss kiss kiss kiss kiss kiss
kiss.

More Talents and Surprises *(In front of curtain)*

Exuberantly Dressed Though (part 2)

C: (Now here’s where the come ON comes in)

L: Which reminded me

C: in explanation that often

L: a note on yesterday:

C: Who bids? You were chiding?

L: “I can pay you” came into the strip club with Eggplant.

C: There was rare warmth between me + D.

L: So annoyed it’s amazing... hmm...

C: like when I accidentally body,

L: I think it is because I do not trust Tuesday.

C: It’s been a beautiful day.

L: It is SUNDAY: modern style which accentuates it.

C: At first scowl at me last night.

L: In sexy clothes, dear Tingle Ladies!

C: Often hm I don't know.

L: If I've ever.

C: Pressure was on me plus just mix.

L: Resume.

C: But because that's what.

L: More definable.

C: I'm not opposed to har-bringer.

Play 6: Eric Was Making Those Faces Last Night

Froth: Oh it does! How funny!

Street: I adore those faces, anyway.

Froth: Eric was playing the part, acting out a disgusted persona in a HILARIOUS manner.

Street: I was so in love with John Henry Pearce, with whom I circled and circled the playground, practically cheek to cheek, singing Wizard of Oz songs.

Froth: An amazing parallel to Eric who circled and circled the playground alone after the incident in which he championed homosexuality. "The shockwaves were felt across the playground."

Street: Yes, yes. Let's talk about the funny moment now.

Froth: Yes, so anyway, Eric was playing the persona of disgust in a HILARIOUSLY placed moment,

Street: but you accused him of playing it out with a glowing look of pride on his face!

Froth: Because he made a good joke!

Street: Which did not FIT the character!!

Froth: At which time he congratulated me profusely

Street: for chastising him, knowing you fully appreciated his well-placed character.

Froth: I was being so funnily nit-picky!

Street: How I love the high fives.

Froth: And Mike said, "OK, OK, I get this kind of humor."

Street: You tried to capture it on paper before,

Froth: and got very irritated often.

Street: How tacky to mention that.

Froth: OK here's from the folder marked: me and Eric.

Street: F: You are so rosy and bright.

Froth: E: IS THIS BETTER? (Clawing face) I just scar my face.

Street: F: OK you look like a horrible ogre. (Opens bottle of ketchup and hands to him so he can pour it on himself to create a fake blood effect.)

Froth: E: (Pretends to hit self over head with ketchup bottle)

Street: F: Oh, you can't...

Froth: E: (Mimicking F's voice) You can't even do that right.

Street: *(Pause)*. I still find it somehow wrong, stealing from real life.

Froth: But we were kidding, at the time.

(Big canes drag Froth and Street from the stage even as they are gesturing toward the opening curtain as though they had just announced a performance!)

Play 7: A New Piece

Reely: Good morning, this is the best diner rainy morning.

Palaa: *(opens envelope, revealing a paper and reading the words:)* Of course it is!

Reely: Someone asked the waitress- what are you going to do when the rain lets up- come over to our house and help us dry off the dogs?

Palaa: *(opens envelope, revealing a paper and reading the words:)* Of course he did!

Reely: 17 million little pebbles sit rolling on the beach.

Palaa: Yes, yes.

Reely: So much wiggling.

Palaa: Wiggle wiggle!

Reely: How can you stand it?

Palaa: Every twig is sort of the end of a pathway. Trees are big very slow motion explosions. All the leaves have fallen, so you can see all that pushing out.

Reely: Each twig, you said, is an end of a path, but it's also just a twig.

Palaa: It's like the joke.

Reely: Yes, yes, like a little joke.

Palaa: Like a metaphor.

Reely: Like a joke of a metaphor, like a precious joke, not like something to toss away.

Palaa: The ethnomusicologist spoke of nostalgia and preserving a sound like a memory, like missing something.

Reely: The lady at the next table said, you should just get her a scarf or something, just some cutesy little thing.

Palaa: I feel coffee in my abdomen, like mulch, like something lovely.

Reely: Give me something.

Palaa: Maybe when you love the past, you love things, it's just loving everything thoroughly. Maybe it's still loving it, not loving what it was. Some feelings are permanent, they remain.

Play 8: Relationship Discussion

Signature: I'm sitting the bathroom to near their bodies.

Barleycorn: Not by gentleman's door be their.

Signature: Laughing I off bus I myself on bus they pain I off.

Barleycorn: WHERE YOU MYSTERY? they, though to a with.

Signature: Nervous, melancholy and too happy to

Barleycorn: (*Getting up*) To everyone! I am all of yours!

Signature: (*Getting up, both moving*) Intelligence of the inexplicable!

Barleycorn: With a daughter my age— "We were just..."

Signature: Dazzlingly, adorable!

Barleycorn: Your legs, when I shave my legs!

Signature: Legs on the dance floor, oh but in my.

Barleycorn: "Oh goody, like ducklings!"

Signature: Gasp is about.

Barleycorn: Get into such self love giddy.

(New scene, switch spots)

Signature: *(entering)* Entry fear of assigning.

Barleycorn: I am giving this day something.

Signature: I have missed this day.

Barleycorn: Now you know but I am still doing it

Signature: from other times.

Barleycorn: The last song of his set was about.

Signature: Pleasure seeking is a political goal and I.

Barleycorn: That's why I will find my places.

Signature: I met my boyfriend's mom who said I.

Barleycorn: To which I am being honest.

Signature: And this is still about and around that day.

Barleycorn: It was a terrible beginning because I

Signature: clarified the extent to which

Barleycorn: people care about my restlessness.

Signature: I AM FIERCE AND SAVAGE.

(Curtain closes as music starts to play...song and dance starting on balcony)

All a Song Is

(Sad, sentimental music at first, like Donny and Marie closing song, ends exuberantly musical-theater-y!)

All a song is is some words that you sing and you memorize it that way
Time doesn't matter exactly what time it is
Singing is something you do if you want to
All a song is is some words that you sing
All a song is is when you and me look at each other for a moment
And open our mouths and sing a song
All a song is is singing song together
All a song is is a singing time of day oh-
Sing a song to my friend
Why won't you take a moment?
These are words that might work
Or even words that won't work
So just memorize some lines and tunes
Memorize some lines and tunes please
And we can make up some harmonies
Take me down to my knees
Oh-oh-oh, just teach me that part
Then we got a song
All a song is, is
All a song is,
All a song... and all a song,,, all a song and all a song,,, all a song and all a song is!

(Curtain closes, then opens again for curtain call with music, actors seem thrilled and happy, then music stops and they act like all the happiness was an act, they are tired and irritated, then music comes back and they leave the stage genuinely waving and smiling if they feel it!)